Revenge of the Space Pirate Queen: Amsaja Gets Back at Chelli

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by lefemmerougensfw

Summary

In an uncharacteristic move, in order to save her friends, Chelli surrenders herself to a ruthless space pirate queen, a woman she once had sex with, but abandoned so she could steal an artifact to pay off some debts. All these years later, the woman is *still* furious with Chelli for what she did to her. She wants to make her pay for abandoning her and cause her to suffer a fate even worse than her by breaking her down into nothing. You'll have to read this fic to find out what happens next between these two women...

Notes

I started writing this fic in late June (and finished it in mid-August), as a sort of spinoff from the second part of my series, "Aphra's Sapphic Escapade Through the Stars," which is listed as one of this fic's inspirations. Simply put, it is a dark version of the second part of my aforementioned series, without Entrapta, Bow, Glimmer, Catra, and Adora coming to Aphra's rescue. I kept some dialogue from that fic the same but changed other parts. Otherwise, this fic has the assumption that the events of my other fic happened.

For this fic, I used the Kinktober prompt "Strap on" and "Masturbation" as stated here. This fic has been cross-posted on Squidge World and Adult Fan Fiction (where it is entitled "Amsaja's Devious Revenge Against Chelli").

Update #1: This fic was updated and improved on 11/20/25.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by Amsaja's Folly: Damn Space Pirates, Aphra's Theft, and Entrapta's Genius by lefemmerouge2
- Inspired by How to have sex using a strap-on by Beth Ashley (for Mashable)
- Inspired by Legend of Korra: Avatar of Domination by JvneBug
- Inspired by A "Wild Night of Sex"?: Amsaja and Chelli Blow their Grounsils Together by lefemmerougensfw

Everything felt wrong. Chelli had turned herself in to save Entrapta, Catra, Bow, Adora, and Glimmer. She couldn't believe she was doing this. She had no more cards to play. She wanted to get away from all of this. She didn't want anyone to worry about her again. Voluntarily agreeing to make herself the prisoner of a space pirate queen she fucked once in a wild night of sex was not something she imagined she'd do. She never desired "hero" status, but she had made bad decisions throughout her life. She hoped this wouldn't be one of them.

She had always messed up, time and again. She was a thieving archaeologist, a scavenger, and a scoundrel all in one. She needed to ensure that Entrapta didn't get caught up in everything she'd gone through. She sensed that this ex-princess, a lover of technology, loved her too. There was little she could do now. She doubted they would come to save her, as the escape pod she took from the *Darla Angel* had been pulled inside the pirate ship. She'd have to go through this on her own, without anything, or anyone, at her side to help her.

A tractor beam of sorts drew in the escape pod. After it was inside the ship and the blast doors had closed, she opened the hatch. Ostea and Dwayne were there waiting, with their weapons drawn. They escorted her to a holding cell and threw her inside. Ostea hissed. "Amsaja will get you now. You fucked up *big time*." They locked the cell door.

Chelli paced around in her cell, unsure what she was going to do, trying to figure out how to escape. She knew that the bars were electrified and some of the vessel's layout, but that was about it. Before she could come up with any more ideas, the space pirate queen approached, and unlocked the cell door. She had a devious grin on her face. She evilly laughed. Chelli was at her mercy.

"Oh my. How the *great* Doctor Aphra had fallen. What should I do with you? Maybe I'll sell you to the highest bidder. I'm certain that *Darth Vader* would like to see you again." Chelli shuttered at these words. Although she still had some respect for her former boss, she needed to avoid seeing him at all costs. Since he almost killed her multiple times, if she was returned to him, that'd be the end of her.

Twirling her hair and talking in a seductive voice, the space pirate remarked, "Maybe you can do *a favor* for me. Then we can call ourselves even." Chelli wasn't sure she should do this. Could she really steal for...this woman? She was desperate to get out of this situation. She had to do something, no matter how odious the task. "I'll do anything. What would you like me to steal?" Amsaja laughed heartily. She had a very specific request in mind. She would get what she desired.

"I want you to steal...my heart. Have sex with me *again*... can you do that, Miss Aphra... or are you too proud... and have principles?" she teased. This put Chelli in a tough place. If she said no, she could be brought before Vader in chains. He would kill her *for real* this time. If she said yes, she would probably regret it for the rest of her life. As soon as she was about to answer, Amsaja entered the cell. In another timeline, she'd be saved by Entrapta, Adora, Bow, Glimmer, and Catra. However, in this timeline, a space time fissure prevented their rescue.

She pressed Chelli against the wall, then spun her around, throwing her against the electrified cell bars. She remembered that the woman had an electro-tattoo on her right arm. As she

howled in pain and was in a daze, Amsaja inserted her slim finger inside of Chelli's pussy with a mischievous grin. Chelli pushed back, trying to stop this woman from assaulting her. In the past, she'd guessed something like this would happen. That was partially why she'd left Amsaja after a regrettable one-night stand. As she sat on the ground, she felt warmth spreading across her body and down between her legs. She was surprised as she came to a disturbing realization: this woman's mistreatment was turning her on.

"What are you doing?" Chelli demanded as she tried to regain her composure. Amsaja refused to answer. She cackled and sneered, her dark greyish eyes staring at her. She cracked her knuckles and grabbed something out of her pocket: a long and girthy strap-on. It was grayish yellow, like her hair. "I'm going to enjoy this. And I bet *you will* too." She buckled in the dildo on her waist, which was secured by a four-way strap and a rubber o-ring, securely holding it in place. She could swap out the dildo for another one but she chose this one, on purpose.

Chelli was about to push back against this domineering woman, but she was suddenly blinded. Amsaja placed a mask over her eyes. As she attempted to take it off, still in pain over being thrown into the electrified bars, she heard an evil laugh coming from Amsaja. If she had seen what this space pirate was doing, her heart might have stopped. As such, she couldn't prepare herself. She got into a fighting stance, but this this did nothing to stop the determined space pirate.

"Now, I'm going to need you to take a deep breath, my *dear Chelli*," she said, softly, as she undid Chelli's belt, then pulled down her pants. To her surprise, this woman was commando, as she was wearing no underpants at all. That made it much easier. She spread the woman's lady garden apart, awaiting what was to come, and pushing her against the wall. She didn't even have a chance to take a breath or mentally prepare herself. Without warning, Amsaja plunged the entire dildo into Chelli's love tunnel, cackling with delight. Every nerve across her body exploded. It felt like she was being cast into a sea of swirling blues and greens, with no escape. Every sensation had the feeling that a climax was about to start.

This was only the opening salvo of one of the biggest orgasms she had ever experienced in her entire life, causing tremors across every part of her mind and her body. She tried to push back, but she could feel herself falling away. This insertion was the beginning of what was to come, which would trap her in overwhelming ecstasy. Continuing to pound into Chelli's cunny, pulling out the entire dildo every time before driving it back in, repeating it over and over, the space pirate felt her own climax building. The proud space archaeologist, who could be classified as an interstellar disaster capable of destroying a Death Star, was being reduced to little more than someone who desired sexual pleasure, as drool dripped out of her mouth.

"Oh my, how the *mighty* have fallen," she said, then finally had her own orgasm. She let out a howl of victory as she ripped off Chelli's remaining clothes, exposing her entire body, and buried herself in the woman's breasts. Perhaps the woman had not become so worn out that she was a husk, but she felt her legs giving up. She fell to the floor, when the final wave of pleasure came over her. The mask fell from her face and she suddenly saw what was in front of her. She felt a chill through her body.

She had never experienced sensations like this before. Her head was back in bliss, the chill fading away. As she laid on the cell floor, Amsaja teased her yet again. "Aw, come on. This is only the start. You can't give up this easily." Chelli growled in anger, unhappy at how she was being treated. She tried to stand up, then looked down at her body, feeling how turned on she was. She wanted to get rid of this feeling, with sweat running down her legs. She couldn't stop herself from putting her own fingers inside her love tunnel and pumping them in and out.

As Amsaja watched her, she was amazed at how the pleasure she'd experienced had numbed this woman's thoughts, causing her to break down. Something inside her was crumbling. She didn't even notice herself falling into the pirate queen's awaiting arms, who had been hoping for this very moment. Feeling the comfort of a woman she had once fucked, nothing else mattered anymore. She just wanted to release, to drown out the thoughts of how she'd saved her friends. She cried out, as her love juice sprayed out from her between her legs, spreading across the floor, and covering some of Amsaja's clothing. The pirate queen cackled.

While lying in her cell, she found herself sinking more and more into the grasp of a woman she had once seen as cruel, a woman she had escaped. She felt herself relaxing after this intense climax, to her surprise. Amsaja looked over her and snickered. "That's pretty good, Miss Aphra. Maybe I'll make you *my* personal sex slave." Chelli was furious. She growled. "Fuck you, Amsaja. I'll never give in." None of the anger was there. She knew, as well as the space pirate, she was just trying to save face, after being broken so completely.

"Mhm, maybe I'll do that *next time*. For now, you need to come back to my room, in chains. I bet you are exhausted after that." Chelli wouldn't let herself be dragged around, but in such a weakened position, she couldn't stop herself from being knocked out. Amsaja put chains around her and called up Ostea and Dwayne. They came and saw what had come of Chelli. "Bring her to my room, *immediately."* The two space pirates nodded. "Yes, we will do as you ask, Miss," they said in unison. They proceeded to drag her along the floor until she reached Amsaja's bedroom.

When Chelli awoke, she found her arms and legs chained to four bedposts. She resolved to keep fighting this new reality, even though she wasn't sure what was going on. There was no doubt that Amsaja had won this time. She'd gotten back at Chelli for stealing her precious artifact and leaving her after their sex that night all those years go. She was so exhausted that she didn't even struggle against her chains. A small part of her wondered whether she'd lost in some way, but she pushed against that possibility. It couldn't be true, right?

Later that night, Amsaja returned. The chains were beginning to chafe Chelli's arms, so Amsaja loosened them to such an extent that she fell unto the bed, but not enough that she could escape. "Oh Miss Aphra. How much I continue to enjoy your company," she began, adding, "I won't let you *ever* leave me again." She felt her breasts being groped and she growled, until she began to moan again. The space pirate was relentless at assaulting this trapped woman and bringing out her inner senses, running her hands gently across her moist folds. Chelli could barely hold herself in as Amsaja continued.

"I'm here to help you, Chelli," she said, almost in a comforting way. "I will make you better, make you someone who only obeys *me*." As she began to climax, Chelli thought about how

nice it was to have times when she wasn't under attack, when she could look forward to continued pleasure. Her body was completely vulnerable. She was disgusted at how much she'd given in to this sexy space pirate but wondered why this felt so good. She was feeling pleasure which seemed like it was coming from the heavens.

As she tried to clear her head of unwanted thoughts, she began losing focus and sinking deeper. Amsaja only welcomed this, continuing to titillate Chelli's body, putting her more on edge. She said in a soft voice, like she had before, "just relax. *Let me* take care of you." Falling into such a lull, she found herself agreeing. Perhaps pleasure had overwhelmed her reason, as she began to moan.

The space pirate grinned. "Now, you'll be my prisoner. And there will be no escape," she declared. She wasn't going to let her prize go back to her friends. As she laid down on the bed and Chelli started to sleep, she put a collar around the woman's neck which began to beep. Everything was going as planned, even better than she had hoped. She had won in more ways than one. Chelli had fallen.

End Notes

For this fic, I used the first chapter and second chapter, and third chapter of the fic, "Legend of Korra: Avatar of Domination" as an inspiration. The strap-on is based on this one on Kinkly, called "First Timer's Strap-on Set." This fic is really brutal. I may follow-up on it someday. I don't know. I wanted this fic to depict Amsaja getting back at Chelli in such a way that totally undoes her but also pulls into her desires at the same time. I believe that fic fulfills that objective.

Works inspired by this one

Bound to a Pirate Queen: Chelli Becomes a Sex Slave by lefemmerougensfw

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